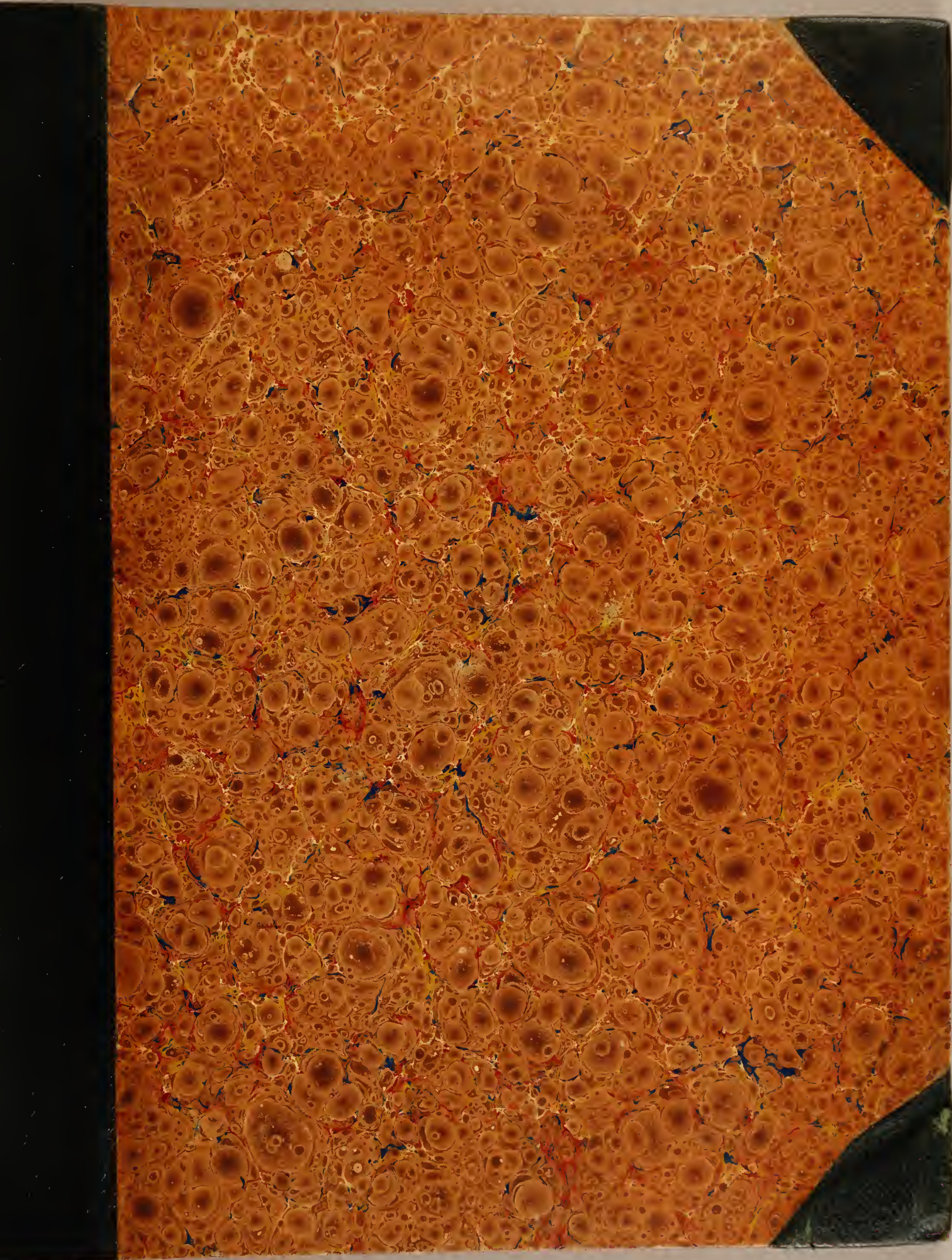






John Carter Brown.

Robert Smith

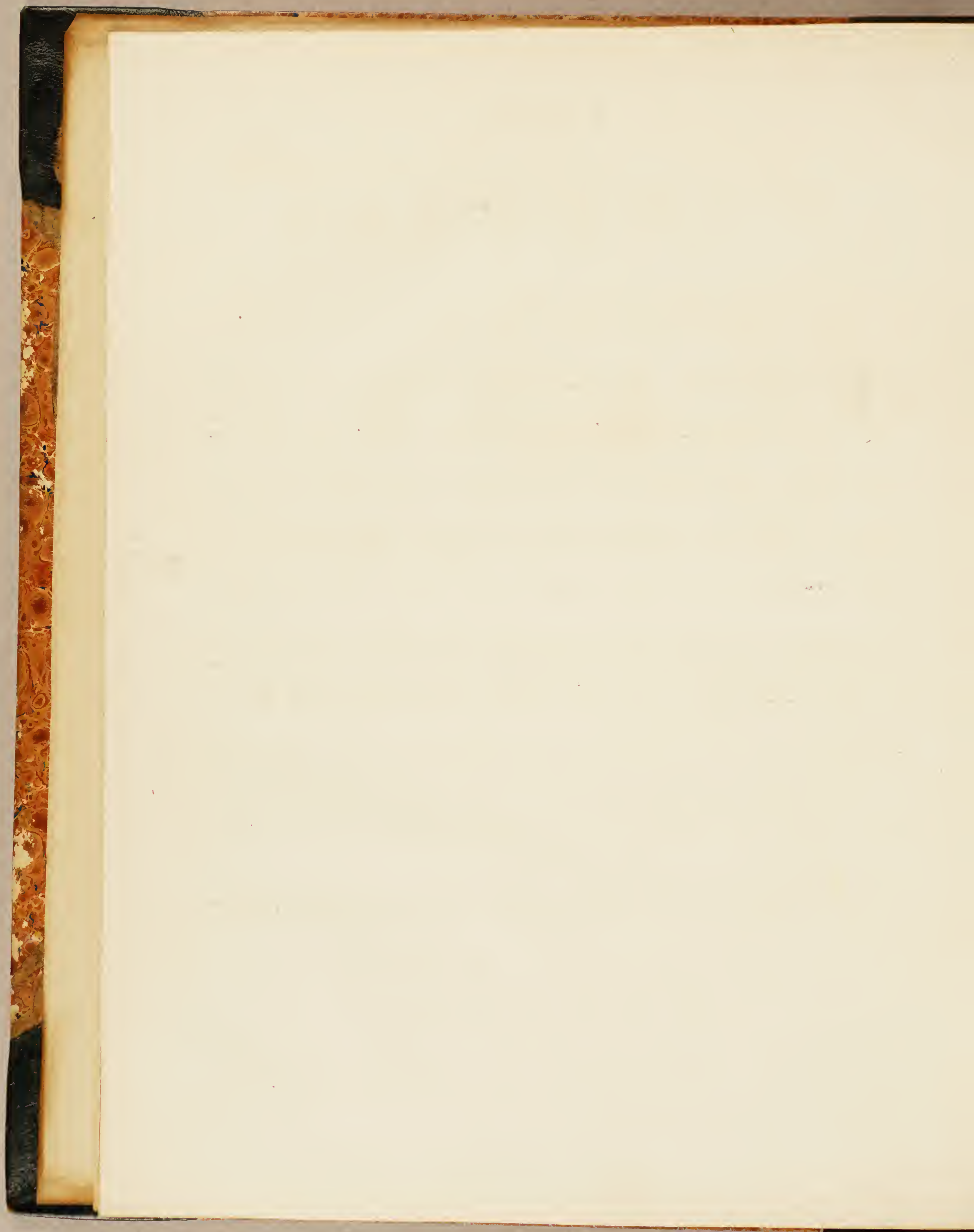
T H E
C O N Q U E S T
O F
Q U E B E C:
A P O E M.

By M I D D L E T O N H O W A R D,
O F W A D H A M C O L L E G E, O X F O R D.

Επίπαιθε γὰρ δήπου ὅτι ἔτε πλεῖστος ἐστίν, ἔτε ἰσχυρὸς ἢ ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ τὰς νίκας
ποιῶσα· ἀλλ' ὁπότεροι ἀνὸς τῶν Θεῶν ταῖς ψυχαῖς ἐρρωμενέστεροι ἴωσιν ἐπὶ
τοὺς πολεμίους. Xenoph. Cyri Exped. lib. 3.

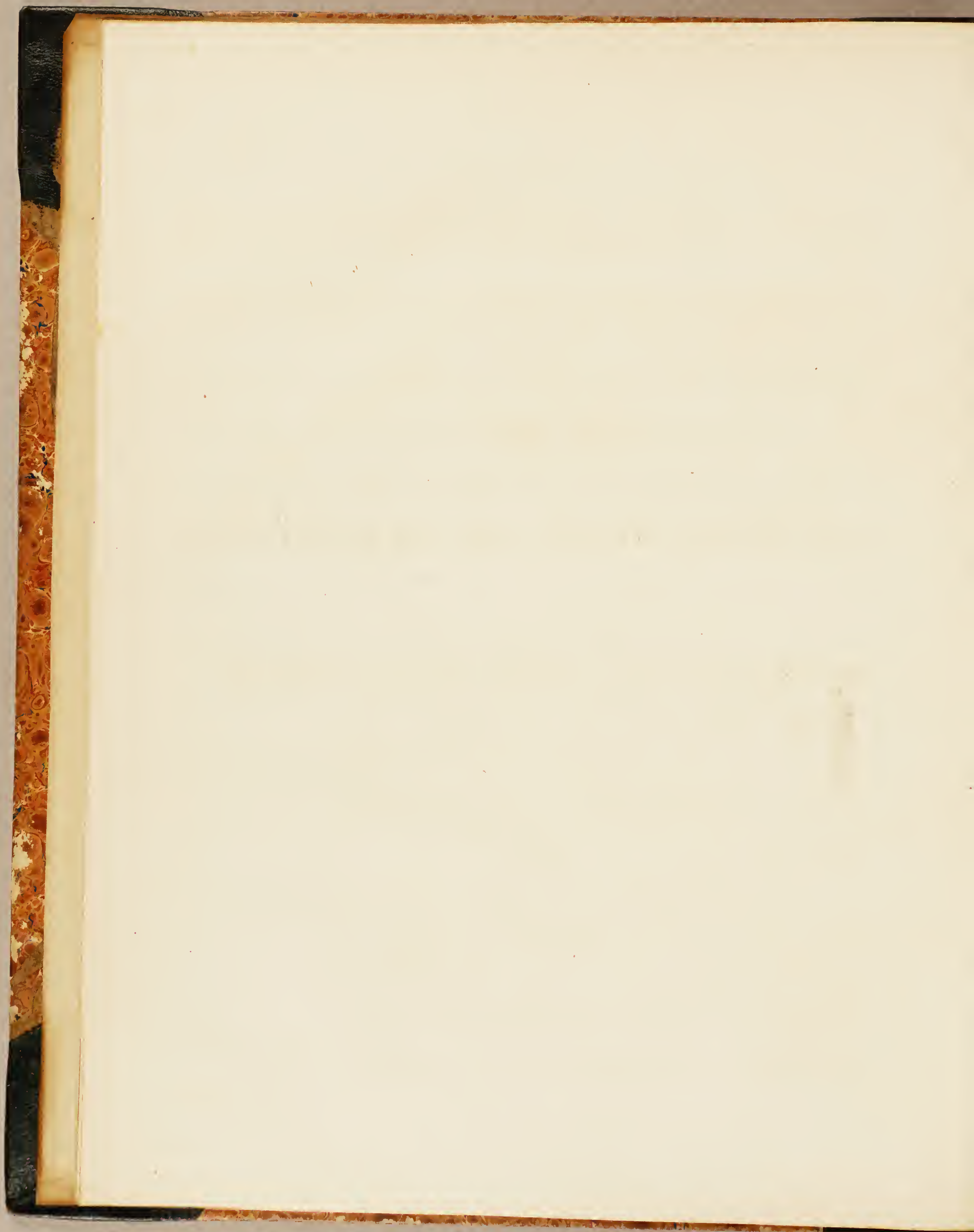
O X F O R D:

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London. MMCLXVIII.



JOHN CARTER BROWN

THE following Exercise having been honoured with the Prize given by the Right Honourable the Earl of Litchfield, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, for the best English Verses on this Subject, composed by such Members of the University as had not exceeded four Years from their Matriculation; was afterwards publicly recited in the Theatre, on the Sixth of July, being the annual Commemoration of the Benefactors to the University.



T H E

CONQUEST of QUEBEC.

JOHN CARTER LIBRARY

FAREWELL ye Naiads who your Tresses lave
Where Isis rolls her unpolluted Wave,
Far off to Regions unexplored I fly,
To savage Nations and a frozen Sky,
Where the LAURENTIAN Stream his copious Stores
In whitening Torrents to th' ATLANTIC pours,
Where never Echo his steep Banks along
Heard the sweet Accents of a Muse's Song,
But Shouts of barb'rous Dissonance resound,
And Blood of Warriors bathes the reeking Ground.

A

Long

Long time the bashful Muse content to stray
Where list'ning Swains approv'd her simple Lay,
By art untutour'd and unknown to Fame,
Had learnt to warble only DELIA's Name;
Nor from her silent Caves and Grottoes led
Had dar'd the crimson Fields of War to tread:
New ardors now her throbbing Breast invade,
For Themes untried She quits the chequer'd Shade,
Fierce Transport bears her o'er th' embattled Plain,
And softer pleasures call her back in vain.
So from the Toils of martial Service freed
Thro' flow'ry Meadows roves the Warrior Steed,
Now plunges in the River's cristal Tide,
To slake his Thirst or cool his glowing Side;
Now on soft Herbage rolls in wanton play,
And lengthens out with Ease th' inglorious Day;
But when the Trumpet's piercing Clangor sounds
He leaps indignant o'er opposing Mounds,
Untasted leaves the g^husting Rill behind,
And flies to Fame impetuous as the Wind.

Where

Where on a Cliff Q U E B E C's high Tow'rs arise,
Braving with warlike shew the neighb'ring Skies,
W O L F E all the various Arts of Combat tried,
And pour'd his Thunders on its rocky Side ;
But tho' unshaken stand the solid Walls
While ceaseless the resounding Tempest falls,
Victorious Hopes his dauntless Breast inspire,
Nor Danger can appal nor Labour tire ;
Armies from him receive the gen'rous Rage
And with new Strength increasing Toils engage ;
Where thro' the Ranks he turns his glowing Eyes
Again th' expiring Flames of Battle rise.

E'er the still Evening's dusky Shades prevail'd
Far up the Stream the crouded Vessels fail'd ;
There the bold Chief unfolds his mighty Plan,
And martial Fury spreads from Man to Man.
Till on her sable Pinions Night descends
And round the Bands her friendly Veil extends ;
Then swiftly borne by the retreating Tide
Unseen and silent o'er the Waves the glide,

And

And winding cautious near the hostile Shore
Its treach'rous Shoals and op'ning Creeks explore ;
Till safely the appointed strand they reach
And spring tumultuous on the slipp'ry Beach.

Where rising Hills the western Tow'rs enclose,
And weak of Fabric the low Bulwark rose,
Where FRANCE had trusted no advent'rous Foe
Could gain the Mountain lab'ring from below,
Planting his Feet against its steepy Side
Foremost press'd Valour on with daring Stride,
Sage Conduct, Resolution void of Fear,
And Perseverance clos'd th' unshaken Rear :
Arduous they climb ; and where the dubious Way
Perplex'd with Brakes and twisting Branches lay
Thro' pathless Wilds and unfrequented Shades
Eager tho' slow advance the bold Brigades,
With ceaseless Toil its craggy Side ascend,
And their thick Phalanx o'er the Plain extend.

Soon from th' ATLANTIC rose the golden Day,
Dispell'd the Gloom, and roll'd the Mists away,

To

To rising Winds the Red-cross Banners stream,
And the bright Arms of thronging Cohorts gleam ;
The Sons of GAUL with Horror in their Eye
Thro' scatter'd Fogs the sudden Lustre spy ;
These from their Posts in wild Confusion start,
These haste the fatal Tidings to impart,
The savage Bands awake their deathful Yell,
And the loud Shout with hideous Discord swell :
Yet e'er the Legions to close Combat ran
Some chosen Warriors press'd before the Van,
Where treach'rous Shrubs protect the secret Stand
In dreadful Ambush lurk th' insidious Band,
No vulgar Deaths attend their fatal Aim,
But Warrior Chiefs the Fav'rite Sons of Fame.

W O L F E in the Front of Danger led the Way,
And with stern Pleasure view'd the close Array,
On him their Eyes the latent Warriors bend
And leaden Deaths in hissing Show'rs descend ;
His manly Arm receives the grisly Wound,
And the red Current streams upon the Ground :

Yet from his Troops the prudent Chief conceal'd
The gushing Tide, and strode along the Field.
At length the Battle, Front to Front oppos'd,
In Deeds of Death and furious Onset clos'd;
Now echoing Peals of mortal Thunder roar,
And pitchy Volumes cloud the Combat o'er;
Now bursting Flames the Waste of War display,
And for a while recall the Gleam of Day.
So when thick Flashes of the Northern Light
With streamy Sparkles gild the Face of Night,
Sudden the blazing Coruscations fly,
Rise the bright Hills and meet th' astonish'd Eye,
Sudden the momentary Prospects fade,
And Earth lies buried in surrounding Shade.

Mean time fair Vict'ry o'er the crimson Plains
Hov'ring, her Scale in equal Poise sustains,
Soon as to ALBION'S Sons the Goddess flew
The GAULS retire, the Victor Troops pursue,
In black Despair recoils the fainting Band,
Sunk is each Heart and weaken'd ev'ry Hand.

But

But while the British Chief his Troops led on
To pluck those Laurels which their Arms had won,
Some winged Fate his mighty Bosom tore,
And low to Earth the gallant Warrior bore ;
His Friends with Pity mark his parting Breath,
And pause suspended from the Work of Death :
No more the vanquish'd in their scatter'd Rear
His well known Voice inspiring Terrors hear,
Elate with Joy the bleeding Chief they view,
And the long Labours of the Day renew.
Now their defeated Hopes the BRITONS mourn
And from their Grasp the Wreath of Conquest torn ;
'Till thro' the breaking Squadrons TOWNSHEND flies,
Revenge and Fury sparkling in his Eyes,
Fierce over slaughter'd Heroes tow'rs along,
Collects the War and fires the yielding Throng.

Mean while their Chief his sad Associates laid
Beneath the Covert of a neighb'ring Shade ;
Thence, as the sanguine Torrent ebb'd away,
He strove the Scene of Tumult to survey,

Rous'd

Rous'd by the martial Thunder of the Field,
By fits his dim expiring Eyes unseal'd ;
Then sick'ning at the piercing Blaze of Light
Turn'd from the Ranks of War his aching Sight ;
Yet fondly anxious for his Country's Fame,
Long as the vital Spirit feeds its Flame,
Oft he requires of each attending Friend
O'er the wide Plain their careful View to send,
And mark if GAUL the conqu'ring Bands repell'd,
Or yet their flight the broken Legions held.
"Sweet Peace be thine, replied the Warrior Train,
"In this sad Hour and soften ev'ry Pain,
"For lo! thy TOWNSHEND at his People's Head
"Urges the Rout and conquers in thy Stead,
"Resistless bids the Tide of Slaughter flow,
"Scatters their Ranks and lays their Heroes low."
To whom the Chief ; "I die, since this is giv'n,
"Content, and ask no other Boon of Heav'n."
He could no more ; th' unfinish'd Accents hung
In Sounds imperfect on his falt'ring Tongue,
His mighty Spirit fled, and mix'd with Wind ;
Yet Virtue left a conscious Smile behind.

Nor

Nor longer now the bloody Slaughter rag'd
With distant Thunders; Man with Man engag'd:
Those who from CALEDONIAN Hills descend,
Where tow'ring Cliffs their rugged Arms extend,
(Stern Sons of Havoc, practis'd to obey
The various Calls of ev'ry dreadful Day,
Now in close Order and collected Might
To wait the Tumult of advancing Fight,
Now fearless the divided Lines expand,
Ravage at large and mingle Hand to Hand!)
With piercing Cries the hostile Files invade,
And shake aloft in Air the massy Blade;
Where'er their Faulchions heap the Slaughter round
Crouds roll'd on Crouds bestrew the loaded Ground,
While rushing to the Front with equal Speed,
Their brave Companions of the War succeed.

With desp'rate Anguish torn and glowing Shame
That ill Successes blast his ancient Fame
MONCALM, in vain exerting ev'ry Art,
Performs a Leader's and a Warrior's Part,

But now no more his keen Reproach controuls
The Coward Terrors that unman their Souls,
No Sense of Glory fires the Vet'ran's Breast
With Horror chill'd and Heav'n-bred Awe deprest.
As, where his Squadrons urg'd their Course along,
Raging he travers'd the disorder'd Throng,
Some British Faulchion sped the deathful Wound,
And hew'd th' indignant Chieftain to the Ground;
Wedg'd in the Rout the gasping Heroe lay,
And with faint Murmur sigh'd his Soul away.

To swifter Flight the Gallic Legions yield,
And trembling quit the long contested Field;
Part hasten to the Stream whose Waves contain
Th' extensive Limits of the fatal Plain,
Part to the Bulwarks, from whose lofty Height
Their Friends desponding view th' unequal Fight.

Soon as the Morrow's Sun with genial Ray
To the bleak Climate gave returning Day,
The Victor's Mercy Gallia's Sons implore,
And trust the fickle Chance of War no more;

Their

Their ample Gates unfold ; along the Strand
In silent Sorrow moves the vanquish'd Band,
While flush'd with Triumph and of Conquest vain
Pours tow'rd the captive Walls the British Train.

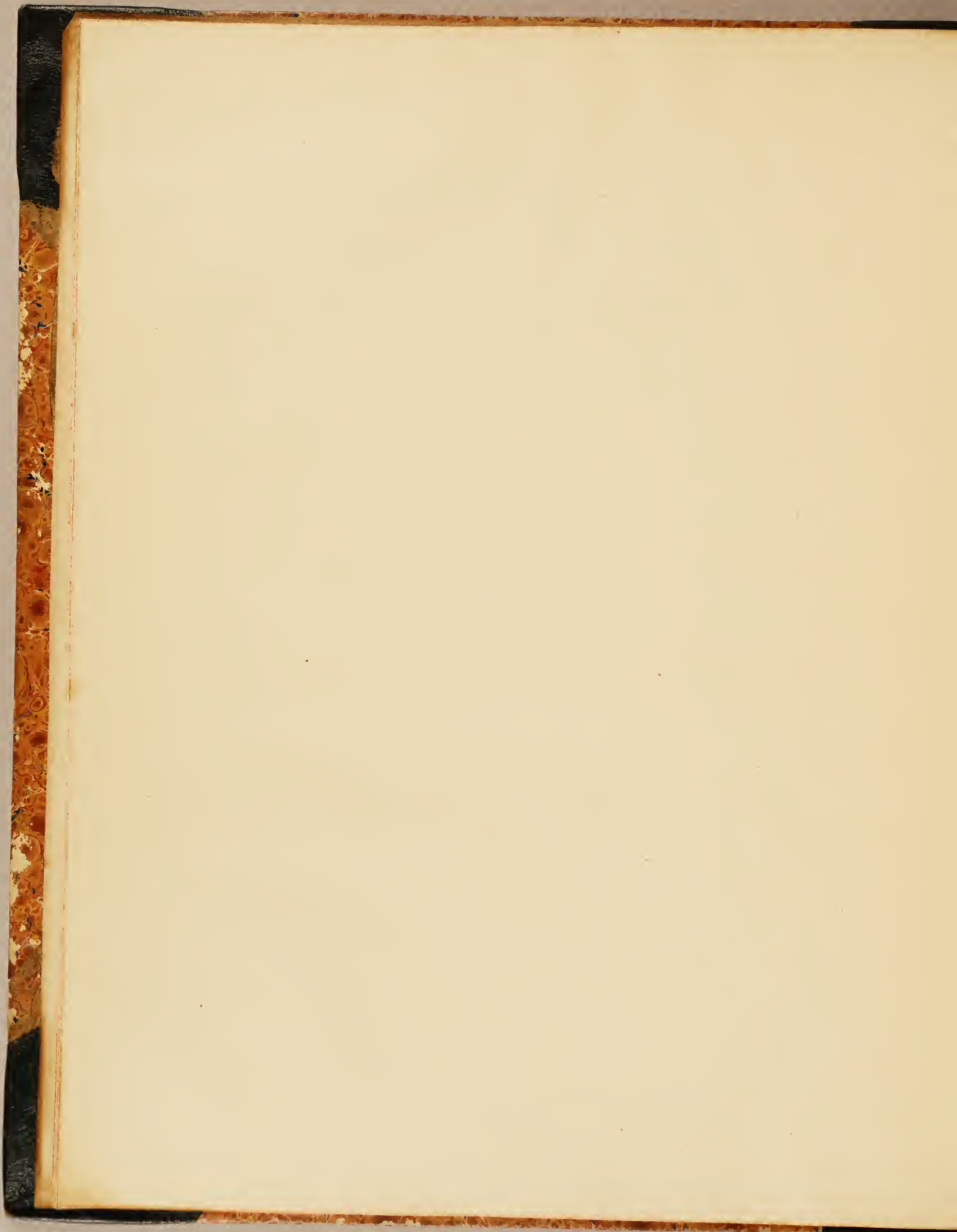
Thus from their Toil the glorious Heroes rest,
And peaceful Rapture swells in ev'ry Breast,
Save that as oft the glowing Tale they tell
Of such as bravely fought or greatly fell,
W O L F E's early Fate their pensive Mind employs,
And manly Sorrows check their rising Joys.

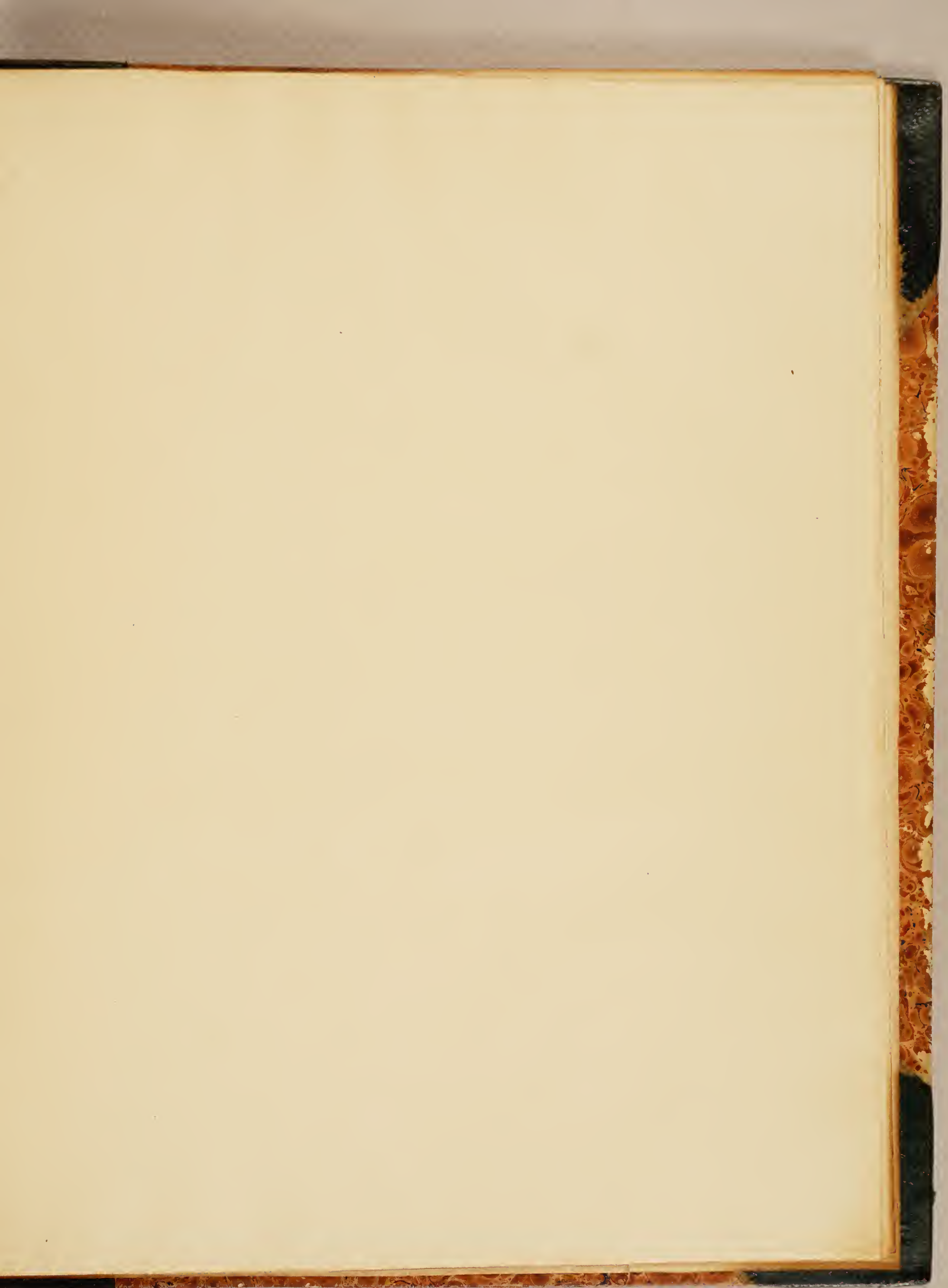
Illustrious Shade ! if artless Hands like mine
Could for an Heroe's Urn the Chaplet twine,
The Muse for thee should cull each op'ning Bloom,
And with unfading Garlands deck thy Tomb ;
For oh ! What Youth whose rev'rent Feet are led
To those sad Mansions of the mighty Dead
Where martial Trophies in rich Sculpture show
The sacred Ashes that repose below,
But kindling at the View for Glory burns
As on thy Name his sparkling Eyes he turns ?

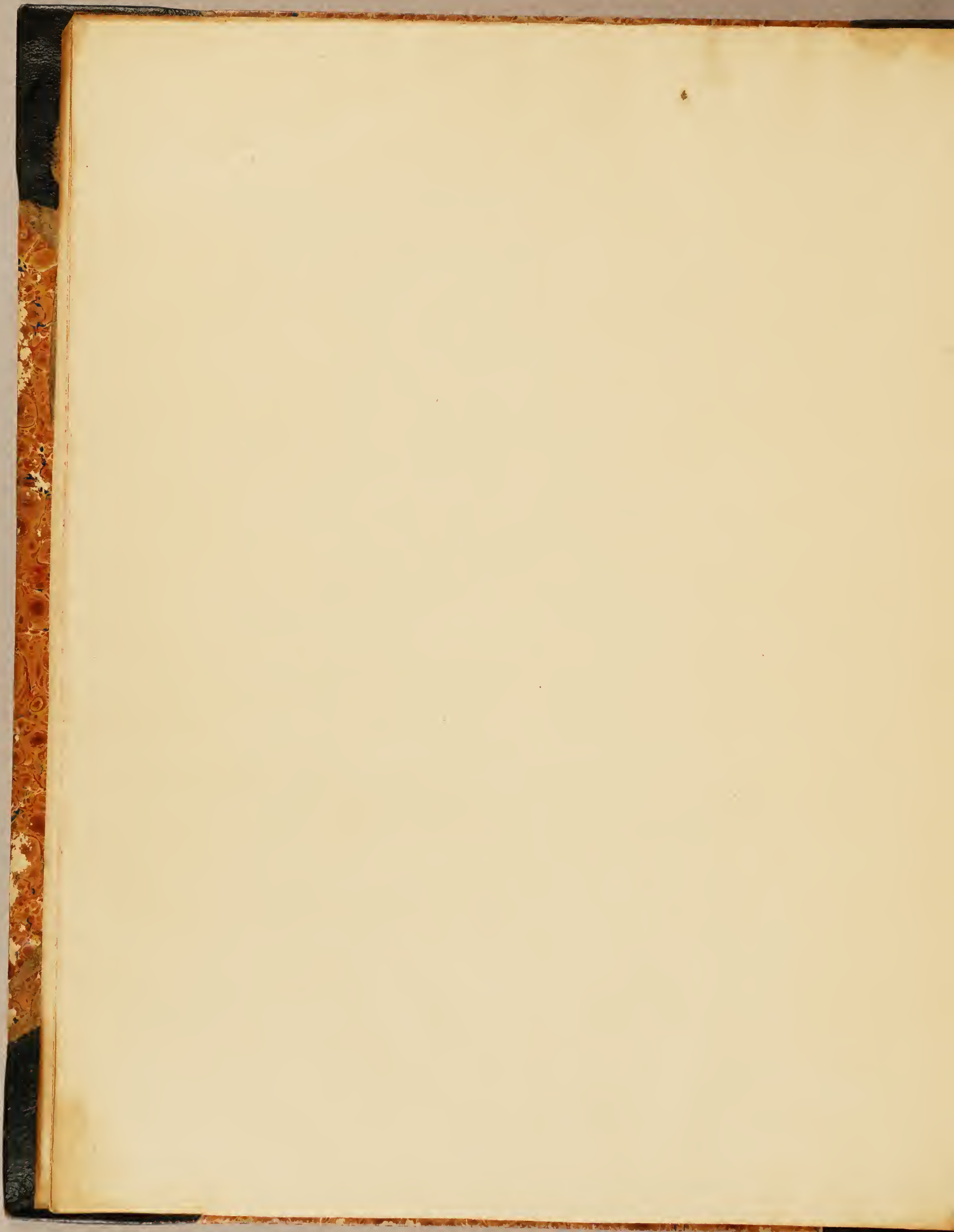
THE CONQUEST.

Ages to come shall thy great Story hear,
And pay the pious tribute of a Tear,
Thy wond'rous Deeds shall Vet'ran Sires recite,
Thy Prudence in Debate, thy Toils in Fight,
And ev'ry Warrior to the Tale reply
"Be mine like him to conquer, and to die."

F I N I S.







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